Creighton

CREIGHTON.

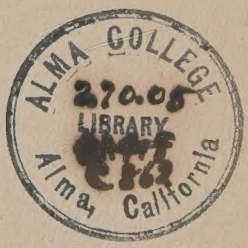
Biographical Sketches

OF

EDWARD CREIGHTON,
JOHN A. CREIGHTON,
MARY LUCRETIA CREIGHTON,
SARAH EMILY CREIGHTON.

BY

P. A. MULLENS, S. J.



CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.
1901.

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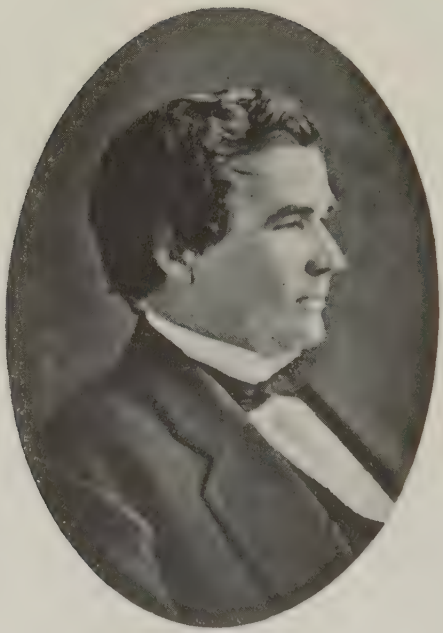
PREFACE.

The members of the Creighton family have written their names conspicuously in the annals of benevolence in Nebraska. Many who have seen the work of their beneficence have asked for some information about them, the atmosphere in which they grew up, the influences which fostered their charitable spirit. This sketch is a partial answer to these inquiries, an effort to do some tardy justice to men and women whose example is worthy of imitation.

In gathering and putting together the material for this sketch the Professor of History in Creighton University has found his greatest obstacle in the unaffected modesty and reserve of some of the surviving actors in the scenes which he wished to describe. They were anxious to avoid publicity. They regard themselves as plain, every-day people, with no special claims to distinction; for fortune happily did not rob them of their charming simplicity of manners. As of old, they readily grasp in friendship the hand of the lowly, and still remain exemplars of the old-fashioned Western democracy, which gauges men by their character and worth rather than by the extent of their possessions.

Though the writer of this sketch has no other aim than to furnish a faithful chronicle of events concerning the Creighton family, he feels sure that he will be pardoned if occasionally he allow a feeling of gratitude on behalf of the institution he represents to color his pages with a glow of eulogy somewhat foreign to sober history.

CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY,
Omaha, Neb.,
Sept. 1, 1901.



EDWARD CREIGHTON.

EDWARD CREIGHTON.

James Creighton, a native of County Monaghan, Ireland, came to America in 1805. Six years later, in Philadelphia, in St. Mary's Church, he was married to Bridget Hughes, a native of County Armagh, Ireland. After a year spent in Pittsburg, Mr. Creighton moved to Belmont County, Ohio, in 1813, where he engaged in farming. Subsequently, in 1830, he moved to Licking County, in the same state, where he died on March 5th, 1842. The little known about this hardy pioneer warrants the assertion, that he was a man of robust physique and strong character, which left its impress upon his children. A poor immigrant, he toiled arduously for the support of his large family—in season and out of season. For, the produce of the farm being insufficient to maintain him, he was obliged to work on the construction of the pike-roads, when he should have been taking much-needed rest. He had not the means to give his children an education in the sense in which the word is now received, for education in those days was at a premium; but he early imbued them with solid principles of justice and taught them lessons of practical value—the necessity of caring for themselves—the necessity of earnestness in life's battle, and the worth of self-reliance and determination. Living in the midst of people who despised his

race and hated his religion, while he asked no favors, he would suffer no insults; and when injustice was done to him or his, he demanded and usually obtained ample satisfaction. The lives of his children are the best testimony to the example and teachings of this strong-minded pioneer; but they also reflect the character of his estimable spouse.

Mrs. Creighton was a worthy companion and a genuine helpmeet to her husband through the long years of struggle in those olden days of back-woods life in Ohio. The mother of nine children, and mistress of a household whose industry was never blessed with affluence, she had few hours for rest and leisure. Still this good lady found time to look after the instruction of her children in the essential points of Catholic belief, and she early trained them to practices of piety, which remained with them through life. It was mainly at her solicitation that Mr. Creighton moved from Belmont County to Licking County; and her motive in suggesting the change of residence was chiefly religious.

She wished to be near the mission church which the Dominican Fathers had established at Somerset—some twelve miles distant from the place in which Mr. Creighton finally settled. She had known instances of perversion among her neighbors, she had seen how the sons and daughters of good Catholics had forgotten the value of the Faith, transmitted through long lines of ancestors, who had even suffered persecution for conscience' sake,

and she was solicitous that the precious boon which she had received from far distant kindred in her dear native Ireland, should be honored and preserved by her sons and daughters as their most valued inheritance. Patient in adversity, industrious in poverty, pains-taking in the religious up-bringing of her children, gentle always and kind, she was a type of the good, Irish-Catholic wife and mother, whose life, simple and retired, but full of virtuous deeds is too little known and, alas! too little appreciated. Mrs. Creighton died in November, 1854, at Springfield, Ohio, where she had taken up her residence after the death of her husband. Her remains lie buried in Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, beside those of her husband.

Of two of the nine children, with which God blessed the union of this happy pair, we shall speak at length hereafter; but a few words, here, about the other less generally known members of the family will, no doubt, prove of interest.

Catherine, the youngest child but one, died at an early age and was buried in Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, in the year 1847. Four years later in Licking County, Ohio, Henry, the eldest son, passed away, after having left an ineffaceable impression on the minds of the other members of the family. He had learned the trade of a carpenter, and while working at his trade in Louisville, Kentucky, met with an accident, which disabled him for life. We may well believe that his affliction, however painful to himself, and however much of a sorrow to the

rest of the family, was in reality a source of great blessing. For to him in a large measure is due the sterling Catholicity of his younger and better known brothers. Could they ever forget the sweet patience of their brother, an invalid for fourteen years, his winning piety, and the lessons of the catechism, which he explained from his bed of pain? In after years, when memory would picture the old homestead, they would see once again the rude log-house, the puncheon floor, and the sweet, sad face of the saintly brother, whose presence was a benediction, whose life was a prayer, and whose beautiful soul, chastened and made holy by much suffering went at last to receive its well-merited reward. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord: for their works follow them."

Alice, the eldest child, married Thomas McShane and lived near Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, where she became the mother of Edward, Felix, James, John and Thomas McShane, and of Mrs. John B. Furay and Mrs. Martin Cannon, well known residents of Omaha. Francis, the third child, lived for some years in Springfield, Ohio; but, afterwards, at the invitation of his brother Edward, took up his residence in Omaha, where his widow resides, as also his son, John D. Creighton, and two daughters, Mrs. H. Itner and Mrs. Mathew Maginn. Francis died in 1873. James was the first to settle in the West. In company with his brother Joseph, he reached Omaha in 1856. James was of delicate health, and did not long

survive the severity of the rough Western life of those days. He died in 1866. Joseph married and settled in Omaha, where he died in 1893. His daughter, Mrs. Shelby, at present resides in Omaha. Mary Creighton was wedded to John McCreary of Omaha, where she died, in 1898, survived by some seven children.

Edward Creighton, the first of the name to acquire fame and fortune was the fifth child of his parents. He was born near the present town of Barnesville in Belmont County, Ohio, on the 31st day of August, 1820. At that time, when Ohio was practically a frontier state, schools were rare, especially in the country districts, and the education imparted in them was meagre indeed. Besides, such was the poverty of the struggling settlers in the up-country districts, that few of their children had the opportunity of attending classes regularly, being obliged to work with their fathers on the farms. Conditions were not much better in Licking County, Ohio, whither the Creighton family moved in 1830. Of course, there was a district school in the neighborhood of the farm; but its sessions were short and its curriculum embraced only the most elementary branches. Young Creighton was gifted with a bright and vigorous mind; quickly, therefore, he learned all that the school-master could teach; and clearly too, he saw how deficient was his own store of knowledge; but with characteristic determination set about acquiring by individual effort and by private reading that education, which, supplemented by the lessons learned in the hard

school of experience, made him a successful man. Even as a boy, he displayed some of the traits which distinguished him in later life. It is related of him, that when with his companions he went to the woods to gather nuts, he always took the greatest risks, climbing the highest trees, and assuming the most arduous and difficult tasks. At the same time, however, he always insisted that his share of the spoils should correspond to his share in the labor.

At the age of fourteen he was a strong, active lad, rendering his father valuable assistance at one time on the farm, at another, working as a cart-boy on the pike-roads. In this latter occupation he had as companion no less distinguished a person than young Philip Sheridan, afterwards the brilliant general of the civil war. Even at this early date young Sheridan had merited the sobriquet of "Fighting Phil." In those days of strong religious antipathies, young Catholics, and especially young Irish Catholics, were frequently forced into quarrels on the score of religion and race. But neither young Sheridan nor his athletic chum was disposed to suffer any reflection on either score; and we are told that in their own way they established their titles to respect at the hands of their bigoted acquaintances. Thus Edward continued to live with his parents until he was about eighteen years of age. Now, one of the lessons, which the elder Mr. Creighton tried to impress upon his sons was the necessity of caring for themselves. Accordingly, when Edward reached his

eighteenth year, he was presented by his father with a team of horses and a wagon. With this patrimony he set forth to make his own way in the world.

It was the period just before the inauguration of the large railway and steamboat lines; and the stream of commerce between the various inland cities flowed along the pikes. Men who engaged in the industry of carrying goods from one place to another were called "Wagoners." Strong, brave men they were, and inured to hardship. Edward, at that time scarcely more than a boy in years, but endowed with the strength and character of a man, engaged in this business, and in Cincinnati, whence he conveyed merchandise even as far east as Wheeling, West Virginia, and Cumberland, Maryland, was known as "the boy-wagoner." Sometime after the death of the elder Creighton, the family moved to Springfield, Ohio; Edward, however, still continued in the business of wagoner, and by industry increased his modest capital. Thus he was enabled to engage more extensively in the works of public improvement at that time in progress in the various cities and on the country roads in Ohio. It was a period of great activity along industrial lines. Railroads and canals were being constructed; and the owner of teams could easily find employment for them. Mr. Creighton, therefore, was variously employed in those years; but his occupations had not yet assumed that importance, which would render them deserving of special mention. It is worthy of note, however, that it was his

custom to return home regularly at harvest time to assist and direct the work on the farm.

One day in 1846 or 1847, he was at work in the field, when a party of telegraph-constructors in the course of their work passed along the road. The very next day Edward went to Springfield, where he met Mr. O'Connor, who was building the line. They both drove to Dayton, in which city Mr. Creighton took a contract for the delivery of telegraph poles as far south as Evansville, Indiana. Shortly after this Mr. O'Connor took a contract for the building of a line of telegraph south to New Orleans; while his former partner, Henry O'Reilly, took another for the extension of a similar line to the West. Both gentlemen tried to secure the services of Mr. Creighton as superintendent; but he elected to go with the former, and secured for his brother James the position of superintendent for the latter. From 1847 to 1855 Mr. Creighton was connected with the work of telegraph-construction in diverse capacities from that of supplying poles by contract to that of superintendent of construction; and in this way worked on the lines built between Dayton and Cincinnati, Toledo and Cleveland, and the line known as the House Printing Telegraph Company's, built along the Michigan Southern Railroad between Toledo and Chicago.

In 1855 Mr. Creighton took a contract for the grading of the streets of Toledo; and in the same year he received a contract for the grading of a part of the North

Missouri Railroad near Mexico, Missouri. The latter proved unprofitable, and owing to difficulties with the engineer, he was obliged to abandon the work. In the autumn of this same year he moved his stock, consisting of some forty teams, to Keokuk, Iowa, where he took a contract for street grading; but because of a change in the city council the contract was revoked and the work suspended. Mr. Creighton then sold his stock, and with his brothers, John A., and Joseph, and his cousin, James, came to Omaha, in 1856.

On October 7th of the same year he was married in Dayton, Ohio, to Miss Mary Lucretia, daughter of David A. and Mary Emily Wareham. In the following Spring at Pittsburg, Pa., he loaded a steamer with lumber, which he shipped to Omaha, where he took up his permanent abode. After disposing of the cargo of lumber, he built the telegraph line between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Omaha, thus connecting the latter city with the Eastern centers by way of St. Louis. Just about this time also he succeeded, when another had failed, in securing money to build a telegraph line to Fort Smith, Arkansas.

In 1860 Mr. Creighton enjoyed a well-merited reputation for success in the construction of telegraph lines. His greatest success, however, he was yet to achieve. The usefulness of the telegraph had been practically demonstrated. Already there were short lines in nearly every state; and the principal cities east of the Missouri River were united by the electric chain. But the Pacific

Coast had no telegraphic connection with the East, the California State Telegraph Company having extended its line only as far east as Fort Churchill, Nevada. Then it was that the vast project was conceived of a great overland line, which should connect the two oceans. Moreover the men who engaged to lay the great Atlantic cable had twice failed, and the feasibility of connecting the old world with the new by means of a short cable through Behring Strait was discussed. The co-operation of several Eastern capitalists was secured.

Jeptha H. Wade, of Cleveland, Ohio, entered into correspondence with General Carpenter, president of the California State Telegraph Company, and Mr. Creighton was summoned to Syracuse, New York, where he received a commission to make a preliminary survey for a possible route between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. On November 18th, 1860, he left Omaha and traveled by way of Julesburg, Colorado, to Salt Lake City, Utah. This journey, despite its hardships—it was accomplished in a stage-coach—was eminently successful. Mr. Creighton, from his observations "en route," felt confident that he could build the line; and he had, moreover, interested Brigham Young in the project. Meantime, however, Mr. Wade had made the long Atlantic and Pacific journey to California for the purpose of making definite arrangements, whereby the local company could be associated in the enterprise. But he had reckoned without his host. The directors of the California com-

pany refused to share in the undertaking. In this predicament Mr. Wade wrote to Mr. Creighton, who was then in Salt Lake City, requesting him to make all possible speed to the Coast.

It was mid-winter in the year 1860; and the invitation extended by Wade to his associate had none of the attractions which a mid-winter excursion to California now has. Nevertheless the latter set out and after some twelve days arrived in Carson City, Nevada. This journey with its hardships beggars description! One can form some conception of its heroic character when one considers some of its features. In the first place it was a journey of some six hundred miles, made in great part by a solitary horseman, little acquainted with the route. Then, too, it was made through the valley of the Humboldt and over the Sierra Nevada mountains. Finally, the journey was accomplished in mid-winter, when winds drove sand, and alkali dust, and snow into the eyes and ears of the lone traveler. Three times the skin peeled from Mr. Creighton's face; and when he arrived in Carson City, more dead than alive, he was snow-blind. The marvel is that he did not perish. But his constitution was healthy, his frame rugged and robust; above all, his iron will was strong in its purpose.

Hence it was that he survived the ordeal, and was able, after a short delay, to proceed to San Francisco. Notwithstanding the incredible hardships of this heroic ride, Mr. Creighton had accomplished far more than the mere

journey. He had made a thorough investigation all along the route and could give such information as would enable the Californians, if they were only willing, to extend the line eastward to Salt Lake City. But they were not willing. More than this: claiming the exclusive right in their own state they were resolved to prevent the projectors of the new line from entering California. This claim being disallowed, they threatened a rate war, which would render the new line unprofitable. The threat, however, failed to intimidate the promoters of the new line, who contending that their profits at other points of the system would recompense them for local losses, proceeded at once to secure bids for the delivery of material at various points along the proposed route. Whereupon the directors of the California Company yielded, agreeing to extend their line eastward to Salt Lake City, while the other parties were building westward from Julesburg, Colorado, to the same terminus. It was a triumph of diplomacy largely due to the clever manipulation of Mr. Creighton, who immediately returned by the isthmus route to prepare for the great work, which was to make his name celebrated in the scientific circles of the two continents. The country at large recognized the magnitude of the undertaking, and Congress subsidized it to the extent of four hundred thousand dollars.

The work, national in character, was fittingly commenced on the 4th day of July, 1861. Mr. Creighton who was general superintendent, was ably assisted by his

brother John A., and by his cousin James Creighton. Under this triumvirate the work was pushed with marvellous rapidity. Edward, traveling in a coach, went from place to place, taking care always to have on hand sufficient material to prevent unnecessary delays. The following incident illustrates his managerial ability, exhibiting at once the accuracy of his calculations, and his thorough acquaintance with every detail of the work in hand.

One Saturday Mr. Creighton arrived at the camp, just as the men were unloading a new consignment of poles. "John," said he to his brother, who was in charge, "can you reach Fort Bridger by next Thursday?" "I think we can," was the reply; and instantly the men began to put on the insulators for the wire, in some cases even before the poles had been taken from the wagons. Thus eagerly the men worked; and there was every reason to hope that the promise given to the general superintendent would be fulfilled. On the following Tuesday they were within two miles of their destination, when it was discovered that there was not enough of wire. Messages were sent down the line to bring it along by mail. All to no purpose, however! The delay was inevitable; but the younger Mr. Creighton, the future Count, viewed the situation philosophically. They camped in a beautiful place, a government reserve, where there was fine pasture for the cattle, and refreshing shade for the men. The next day, while all was still about the camp, a cloud of dust was seen to rise in the West and presently out of

the cloud emerged a coach on the top of which, seated with the driver, was a man waving a white handkerchief. The latter proved to be Edward Creighton, who hastened to greet his brother and congratulate him and his men on the manner in which they had worked. "We would now be at Fort Bridger if we had had wire enough," said John. "I believe it," Edward replied, "but you can still redeem your pledge." "Not unless that wire comes, which I ordered by telegraph yesterday." "Oh, John! you don't need that wire. We'll get along without it." And they did, for Edward, while up with the other division, which was working west from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake, going over his calculations, had concluded that John did not have wire enough, and had brought the needed article with him in the coach. That same day the line was completed at Fort Bridger. Edward Creighton himself united the wires, which completed the circuit between Omaha and Salt Lake City. Then, gratified that the great work was finished, he hastened to communicate the good news to his wife, to whom he sent the following dispatch:

FORT BRIDGER, October 17, 1861.

TO MRS. EDWARD CREIGHTON,

Omaha, Neb.

This being the first message over the new line since its completion to Salt Lake, allow me to greet you. In a few days two oceans will be united.

EDWARD CREIGHTON.

Just a week later the line from California was completed to Salt Lake City; and the Overland Telegraph, which few men had considered a possibility, now became a reality. Its completion, moreover, had another effect. It aroused interest in the movement to build a great overland railway, and demonstrated practically the possibility of such an achievement. It is worthy of note, too, that when the Pacific railroad was constructed, it was in great part along the route selected by Mr. Creighton for the telegraph line.

The new company, operating between Omaha and Salt Lake City, was known as The Pacific Telegraph Company; and Mr. Creighton was made its first general superintendent, a position which he retained until February, 1867, when he resigned. During his term of office many thousands of miles of telegraph were constructed—lines branching out to Virginia City and Helena, Montana. It was while he was superintendent—in 1865—that General Patrick Connor, the noted Indian fighter of California, sent to him the message: "The telegraph line to the Pacific Coast must be kept up at any cost." The General was organizing the largest force ever sent into the hostile Indian country; and had taken all the garrisons along the line, leaving some thirty men of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry to aid Mr. Creighton in guarding three hundred miles of telegraph in the hostile country between Fort Laramie and the South Pass. A difficult task was Mr. Creighton's.

By this time the Indians had lost a great deal of their superstitious dread of the "talking wire," awakened at Scott Bluff, where a great council was held, when the line was first built. It happened in this way. Two great chiefs, stationed the one on the bluff, the other at Chimney Rock, through telegraph operators, sent messages to one another; and then immediately galloped on their fastest ponies to an intermediate point, previously agreed upon.

When they compared notes, the result astonished them; and they attached a mysterious power to the "talking wire," and invested the operator with the marvelous powers of their own Medicine Men. But now all this was changed, at least to some extent. For although the Indians would have little to do with the line by night, they had a great deal to do with it by day.

With a whoop and a yell, a band of Cheyennes or Sioux would ride up to the line, throw their lariats over the wire and then gallop away at full speed, tearing down the wire, which they would at once conceal. The young braves would then set fire to the poles, squat down on the grass, light their pipes and calmly await the destruction of the poles. This vandalism caused Mr. Creighton endless worry. His patrol of thirty men traveled back and forth along the line, not daring, on account of the number of the enemy, to engage them, being satisfied to defend themselves in case of an attack. Their plan of defence deserves mention. The loaded wagons were drawn up in

the form of a rectangle, the horses or cattle placed on the inside. Thus ensconced behind the corral of poles and wagons, the men were perfectly safe; and at the same time they could inflict terrible injury on the unprotected savages. Fortunately the red man's superstition rendered them secure, for the most part, from molestation by night. Moreover they thus had an opportunity to repair the line. Under cover of the darkness the patrol would start out on their thrilling trips. The hoofs of the horses were muffled with blanket pads; and even the hammers were padded so as to muffle the sound. No talking save in whispers was permitted. The horses were ridden without saddles to render them more fleet in case the Indians should appear. In the event of an attack it was "sauve qui peut," scatter in the brush and return to the camp. Mr. Creighton's task was usually the most hazardous. According to a writer in the San Francisco Examiner, he would stretch a thin thread-like wire, covered with green silk, from one end of the break to the other, suspending it from the tops of sagebrush or weeds. If the Indians camped on the line, he would make a detour of the camp in the company of an operator, and then communicate with the stations at Omaha and San Francisco, thus conveying to the people of the Coast the stirring events occurring at the time in the East. Thrilling indeed must have been the experience of the guard. For they were conscious of the perils that surrounded them, when brave men not far off were dying by bullet and arrow and every

species of savage torture. To the personal bravery of Mr. Creighton and to the daring and vigilance of his little patrol the country owed a debt of gratitude, the magnitude of which is not easily appreciated.

When the Pacific Telegraph Company was incorporated, it had an original capital stock of one million dollars, one-tenth of which Mr. Creighton purchased at eighteen cents on the dollar. Subsequently when the stock was trebled, Mr. Creighton sold one-third of his share for eighty-five thousand dollars, which he invested in the business of freighting goods to the West. The mining resources of Montana had just been discovered and immediately ensued the wild rush of fortune-hunters. Presently there was a demand for goods of every description. From Omaha merchandise was forwarded in large wagons, drawn by oxen or mules. In those days the arrival of a steamer at this port was an event. The merchants used to assemble at the river-front and, receiving their consignments of goods, either loaded at once for the mountains or carted their wares to the hamlet, now known as Benson, a suburb of Omaha. From this place, when all preparations had been duly made, amid shout of men and crack of whips, off went the train on its slow, toilsome journey over the prairies and into the mountains. This business was decidedly remunerative, as is evidenced by the fact that one of Mr. Creighton's trains, which consisted of forty teams in charge of John A. and James Creighton, netted sixty thousand dollars. In 1868, when the Pacific

Railroad was built, freighting on a large scale by means of wagons ceased altogether.

Another industry, since developed marvellously, was practically inaugurated by Mr. Creighton. While engaged in telegraph-construction he was forced on one occasion to abandon a herd of cattle on the plains. Some time later he returned to the place where he had turned the cattle adrift, and was surprised, when they had finally been discovered, to see them plump and sleek. He at once determined to stock the western prairies. Two motives prompted this resolution. Aside from the profit to be reaped, to which he used to refer as the "Dutchman's one per cent. profit"—he desired to give the true and tried men who had worked for him so faithfully, an opportunity to advance on the road to prosperity. With this end in view he purchased a large number of cattle, which he entrusted to the care of his former employes, whom he admitted to a share in the enterprise. This stock was subsequently increased,—horses and sheep were afterwards purchased in such numbers that Mr. Creighton became one of the leading stock-raisers of the West. The ranches, which he established are to this day a source of great profit to their owners; and many men who have grown rich by emulating his example have reason to thank Mr. Creighton, by whose sagacity and enterprise was started the industry, which has made the western ranches famous.

After the building of the Pacific telegraph line, Mr.

Creighton was in possession of a fortune, which rendered him independent. He was still a comparatively young man, of tireless energy and recognized as one of the most influential men of his city and state. This influence was manifested when the discussion arose concerning the selection of an initial point for the Union Pacific Railroad. Omaha had been originally selected; but afterwards it was learned that the village of Bellevue, situated some twelve miles down the river, possessed certain natural advantages, which inclined the promoters of the road to change their decision. Mr. Creighton threw all the influence of his wealth and the prestige of his name on the side of the city of his adoption, which was in the end selected and thereby made the "Gate-city of the West." His interest in Omaha was likewise shown by his efforts to build up the business part of the city. He erected the business block, which bears his name, the Shoaf building, and Morgan and Gallagher's mercantile house; and he also contributed to the building of the Central block and the Grand Central Hotel. He was, moreover, a large stockholder in the Omaha and Northwestern railroad, of which he was president.

In 1863, in company with the Kountze Brothers he established the First National Bank of Omaha, and was made its first president, an office which he retained for eleven years, until death suddenly removed him from his multifarious business cares.

The end came unexpectedly. On November 3rd,

1874, Mr. Creighton fell on the floor of his bank, stricken with paralysis. Aid was hurriedly summoned, and he was taken home; but he never recovered consciousness, and on November 5th at seven o'clock in the evening his soul took its flight back to its Creator.

The honors paid to the memory of the deceased are the best testimony to his worth. Every prominent newspaper in the country from San Francisco to New York published his obituary notice, and for weeks afterwards the papers of Nebraska contained appreciative comment on his life and work. At a meeting held on the 6th of November the directors of the Omaha and Northwestern railroad unanimously passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Our honored and most worthy president, the Honorable Edward Creighton, has, by the unerring will of Divine Providence, been suddenly called from among us, and

WHEREAS, he has been so long and so pleasantly connected with the members of our Company, that we have especial reasons to deeply regret and mourn his loss. His advice or opinion in the Company's affairs was almost universally adhered to; his word, like his paper, was perfectly good in business circles; he possessed that energy and will, guided and directed by a discreet and prudent judgment, that always insures human success. He was an excellent judge of men, and during his varied business in the West he was compelled to test that power, by the selection of men, with whom to entrust thousands of dollars of personal property, with no security whatever except the stamp of integrity which Edward Creighton found

upon them. Like Napoleon he knew his man. Socially, among his intimate friends he had no equal; those who knew him best respected and revered him most. He commenced the struggles of life a poor boy and by the proper use of his noble traits of character he amassed a very large fortune. There was something in his bearing or presence that would at once attach the stranger or the friend to him.

Edward Creighton was truly a wonderful man in many respects, and his place in this community will be missed by Church, State, City, and every citizen that knew him well. But he is gone, and there is no one that can act the part of Edward Creighton on the stage of human life; therefore,

Resolved, that in the death of this distinguished gentlemen, our Company has lost a dignified, honorable, and competent officer, and a true friend;

Resolved, that the Company direct that its engines, depots and station-houses be draped in suitable mourning, for the space of thirty days;

Resolved, that the members of this Company most deeply sympathize with the beloved wife of our departed friend;

Resolved, that the proceeding of this meeting be spread upon the records of the Company, and a copy be transmitted to the wife of the deceased.

JOHN H. HORBACH, V.-P.,
J. BUDD, Sec'y,
JOHN I. REDICK,
JONAS GISE,
H. KOUNTZE.

On Saturday evening, November 7th, in the Grand Central Hotel, a memorial meeting was held in honor of the deceased. There were present men representative of every class and of all the professions. Dr. Lowe was elected to preside; and Mr. Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee, was chosen secretary. A committee composed of Hon. J. M. Woolworth, Dr. George Miller, Col. R. H. Wilbur, Hon. A. J. Poppleton, and Hon. E. A. Allen, drafted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take out of this world the soul of our late associate and friend, Edward Creighton, we the professional and business men of Omaha, assembled to give some expression of our respect for his character and our sense of the loss which has fallen upon us and upon this city of his residence and affections, do hereby declare and resolve:

1. By this sad event a man has been removed, pre-eminent among us. By the natural force of his strong and vigorous character he pressed his way from an humble origin up to a place among the first. By that prevision, which is the highest gift of the greatest minds, he conceived, and with the energy of the leaders of men, he executed the enterprise of constructing the first line of telegraph from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean; and thus led the way for that railroad running on the same line, which is one of the achievements of the century. With the like prescience and vigor he seized upon the profitable trade opened, by the recent discoveries of the gold fields of the West, and filled the illimitable plains

with the flocks and herds, which, answering to his expectations, returned him rich awards for his enterprise and energy.

2. And by this sad event has been removed from our midst one of our oldest and most valuable citizens. Coming to Omaha, when it was but a struggling village, he testified his faith in its future by large investments. Day by day, and year by year he watched its growth with anxious solicitude, giving to it and its people with unfaltering fidelity all such aid, direction, and encouragement as his large power, both of judgment and wealth, enabled him at any time to render. Every one who has long lived here knew him—the man of the kindly word, of ready sympathy, of generous assistance. Every child of those long resident here was known to him and watched and directed by him; and whether expressed or not, whether known or not, his earnest, heartfelt good wishes, even his solicitous and kindly interest followed all those whom he saw grow up among us. Socially, he was a genial companion; in his friendships, generous and true; in business, honest and reliable; in his judgments, charitable and forbearing; in his convictions, whether of politics or of religion, uncompromising but not aggressive; in enterprise, among the foremost and the wisest—he was a man of this world worthy to be, as in fact he was, honored and beloved; and now that he has gone, his memory shall be henceforth cherished and revered.

3. Not presuming to intrude into the sanctity of that circle of his warmest affections, where were revealed the features of a most sweet and lovely character, and where the vacant place is widest and never to be filled, we yet dare, from afar to speak even in whispers of do-

mestic felicities, with which he blest and by which he in his turn was blest; and we tender to the afflicted of his household—to her who has walked with him all the days of his manhood—and to his brothers and his sisters and his connection, the truest sympathy of those who knew him, respected him, loved him in all the relations by which we, any of us, were associated with him.

On the following Sunday, Nov. 8th, the St. Vincent de Paul Society held a meeting, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The will of Almighty God has called from among us our worthy member and benefactor, Edward Creighton; and

WHEREAS, During life he was ever the greatest supporter of the society, a generous giver to the poor, and a true friend to the unfortunate; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Edward Creighton this society loses its greatest benefactor, and the poor of Omaha their truest friend.

2nd. That in recognition of his charitable deeds his name be sent to the Council General of this society in Paris, and there placed on the roll of its benefactors, to be remembered and prayed for throughout the whole world.

3rd. That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his grief-stricken wife and kindred in this their hour of affliction.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the wife and family of the deceased.

WM. BYRNE, President.
J. F. MCCARTNEY, Secretary.

On November 9th the remains of Edward Creighton were borne in solemn procession to St. Philomena's Cathedral. The funeral was to have been at 9 o'clock in the morning; but so great was the crowd of sympathizers, not merely from Omaha, but from the neighboring districts, that it was impossible to start the funeral before 10 A. M. Banks, stores, offices and shops were closed. Business was suspended. Omaha was mourning the loss of her first citizen. At the Cathedral was another crowd, which overflowed into the street. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Wm. Byrne of Omaha, assisted by the Rev. John McGoldrich of Cheyenne as Deacon, and Rev. John Londrigan of Fremont as Subdeacon. The Rev. John Jennette and Rev. Fr. Goenebaum of Omaha acted as Masters of Ceremonies. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. B. Molloy of Omaha. After the last absolution, the people in the church were given an opportunity of seeing the features of Edward Creighton for the last time. The eager throng that pressed forward to the bier seemed endless. They came from all walks of life. The poor were there, and the rich. The old led the young by the hand and lifted them up to gaze on the placid features of their dead friend, as if they would say "Look on that face and remember it; for 'when shall we see his like again.'" The people seemed unwilling to leave the corpse. They followed it to the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre, where they stood beside the newly made grave, sorrowing for their friend and benefactor, the great

and good man, whose life was an example, whose death was almost a personal loss, and whose memory even to this day is in benediction.

The foregoing sketch of the life and work of Edward Creighton, however imperfect it may be, affords ample grounds for the assertion, so often made by his contemporaries, that he was a remarkable man. In stature he was above medium height, and of square, symmetrical build. He was distinguished for his broad forehead and full expressive face.

Although he never had the opportunity, enjoyed by others, of securing a thorough education, nevertheless such was the native strength of his intellect, and such his industry, that he acquired an amount of general knowledge by no means inconsiderable. Then, too, his natural goodness of heart, his sense of justice and his wide experience in dealing with men of various characters, opinions and conditions, the religious element in the man, and the sweet influence of a refined, devoted and affectionate wife, gave him that moderation and self-control which, according to classical authorities, is wont to be the result of a liberal education. His private life was spotless. In business he was distinguished for quick perception, rapid decision, unyielding determination, unerring judgment in the selection of men to fill offices of trust, and for staunch probity. It was commonly said of him, "His word is as good as his paper." When in 1873 the financial panic swept over the country, and some of his associates were

in favor of not cashing time checks if presented before they were due, he opposed the policy stubbornly and successfully, declaring that he from his private fortune would honor any paper to which he had attached his signature.

Socially, he was esteemed for his charity and forbearance. Even in early life, before he had acquired a fortune, he was accustomed every morning to put in his purse a bundle of small bills, which he would distribute during the day to the poor of the city. Many were the indirect recipients of his bounty, for Mr. Creighton liked to give to private friends money for distribution among their poor acquaintances. Genial he was and social, full of good humor, with a smile for his friends, "which," says Dr. Miller, who knew him well, "was a sort of benediction."

He took a special interest in the young of the city, very many of whom were personally known to him. When they did well, he praised and encouraged them; when they grew careless and strayed from the narrow way, he reasoned with them; when they showed signs of repentance, he counseled forbearance and forgiveness.

To his brothers and sisters he was a second father, ever solicitous for their welfare. To his wife he was a devoted and tender Christian husband. To the principles of the Catholic church he ever adhered with unquestioned loyalty, supporting her institutions, practicing her devotions, honoring, revering and assisting her clergy. In a letter written by his wife shortly after his death, we are

told that on the very day on which he was stricken, he knelt down with her and together they said their morning prayers; and she adds that such had been their custom for many years. These gentler traits are all the more striking, because they existed side by side with the elements that go to form the strongest characters.

His personal courage and fearlessness were remarkable. Once on the lower Mississippi, when a sailor from a sense of danger refused to climb a mast, which the telegraph-constructors had erected, Mr. Creighton himself did so to the amazement of his employees. He always had the courage of his convictions and never shrank from the responsibilities of leadership for which he was so well fitted. Nor was he easily moved to change decisions at which he had deliberately arrived. Indeed his associates found it necessary to submit their strongest reasons, whenever they supported opinions contrary to his; but, generally speaking, such was their confidence in his sagacity that they willingly followed his leadership. He was a man of tireless energy. Work seemed the very passion of his life. Hence it was, that even after he had amassed a fortune, he could not rest. His active mind was ever planning new ventures. At one time it was an extension of telegraphic service, at another some mining business. Again it was a contract with the government for supplies. In this last connection he came in contact with the play-fellow of his boyhood, General Phil. Sheridan. The circumstances were the following. The

General then head of the Department of the Lakes, was stationed at Chicago. Mr. Creighton called to see him and sent in his card. In a little while the General appeared, greeted his old friend, and asked how he might serve him. Mr. Creighton said he had come to submit a bid for government supplies, the contract for which he hoped to secure not on the strength of his acquaintance but on the merits of his bid. "Oh," said the General in a bluff, bantering way, "what do you want to bother about those contracts for? You've made money enough out West there; you ought to quit, and give some one else a chance." Mr. Creighton's reply was characteristic. "General," he said "it is with us business men as it is with you of the army. When a young soldier receives his first commission, he isn't satisfied until he's made Captain. Make him Captain, and he'll want to be Major or Colonel. Now suppose he gets command of a regiment, is he satisfied then? No, he wants to be General." Mr. Creighton's answer satisfied and pleased the General, who, lapsing in the presence of his schoolchum into a reminiscent mood, pleasantly added: "Well, Ed. It does beat all, how many of those freckled-faced young Irish lads will work their way to the front."

Mr. Creighton literally worked his way to the front. His success was due to his untiring energy. From the time, when as a boy he helped his father on the farm in Ohio, to the day, forty years later, when he fell on the floor of his bank in Omaha, his life was one of almost

continuous activity. Begining life as a laborer and trusting to brawn for his support, he died, possessed of millions, from over-exertion of the brain. His success was due to his indomitable energy, his preserving industry,—his strength of character. No man ever looked upon his face without marking him as a forceful man; at the same time no man ever knew him well without feeling how great and good he was. With propriety, therefore, may it be said of him in conclusion:

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, This was a man!

COUNT JOHN A. CREIGHTON.

In Omaha and the West few men are better known than Count John A. Creighton. The youngest of a family of nine children, he was born in Licking County, Ohio, on the 15th of October, 1831. His early education was received in the district school; but when, after the death of his father, the farm was sold, it was arranged by his mother and his brother Edward, who was likewise his guardian, that his portion of the inheritance, the sum of six hundred dollars, should be spent in defraying his expenses at some institution of higher learning. Accordingly in 1852 he left home for Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, to enter St. Joseph's College, which the Dominican Fathers had lately established. It was young Creighton's ambition to become a civil engineer, and he therefore devoted much of his time and attention to mathematics. But in 1854, when his mother died in Springfield, Ohio, he left college, never to resume his studies, and engaged with his brother Edward in the construction of a telegraph line between Toledo and Cleveland. Thenceforth, for the most part, his fortune was linked with that of Edward, and their union savored less of the fraternal than of that holier relation which exists between father and son.

They worked together in 1855, when the elder Mr. Creighton secured a contract for the grading of the streets

COUNT JOHN A. CREIGHTON.

of Toledo. Again in the same year they were together in Missouri, grading part of the North Missouri Railroad. From Missouri they traveled northward to Keokuk, Iowa, whence in June, 1856, they journeyed to Omaha.

Here the subject of this sketch secured a clerical position with the firm of J. J. & R. A. Brown, in whose employ he remained until 1860. In that year, in company with J. J. Brown, he fitted out a trading expedition for Denver, Colo. Returning to Omaha, he brought another train-load of goods to Denver, where he remained until July, 1861.

At this time his brother, Edward, who had taken the contract for the construction of the Pacific Telegraph, offered him the position of builder of the line, and requested him to proceed to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. He immediately prepared to comply with the request.

An old, soiled piece of paper, in the possession of Mr. Creighton, contains the following account of articles purchased for the trip:

1 Mule	$100 00
1 Saddle	18 50
1 Pair of Boots	5 00
1 Revolver	30 00
"Grub" (cheese, bacon, sugar, etc.)	5 00

Thus equipped, "John A." set out alone for Fort Laramie. After traveling sixty-five miles he fell in with three men bound for the same destination. The companionship, however agreeable, was decidedly costly. For

after a day's journey, owing on the one hand to the generosity of Mr. Creighton, and on the other to the healthy appetites of his fellow travelers, there was a dearth of provisions. The last two days of the trip they ate nothing except a solitary hawk, shot by the prospective telegraph builder. But men of the West in those days were vigorous and inured to hardship. Neither exposure to the open sky at night, when they rolled themselves in their blankets and slept on the bare ground, nor a short period of hunger was able to seriously incommode them. As a matter of fact, the whole journey of one hundred and eighty miles was accomplished by Mr. Creighton in five days.

For three months—from July to October—the two brothers were engaged in the construction of the overland telegraph line. When the work was completed at Salt Lake City, October 17, 1861, they both returned to Omaha.

In the following Spring John went to Fort Bridger to look after the stock which Edward had left on the adjoining plains. When the cattle had been collected, the younger Mr. Creighton purchased one thousand sacks of flour for trade among the miners, who were working along the Salmon River. But he never reached the mines. Heavy rains, which made the rivers unfordable, and reports of the unfriendliness of the Indians, forced him to abandon the project. Going then to Salt Lake City, he disposed of the entire outfit,—some thirty-five wagons, five hundred cattle and all the flour—to Brigham Young for the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

In the winter of 1862 he traveled through Iowa and the northwestern part of Missouri, purchasing cattle for the transportation of a large train of merchandise, which Edward intended to send to Montana. In the Spring of the following year, in company with his cousin, James Creighton, the younger brother left Omaha with the train of merchandise, which consisted of thirty-five wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. Their destination was the newly discovered gold fields in the vicinity of Bannack and Virginia City, Mont., which they finally reached after a journey of one hundred and seventeen days. Sixty-five of their cattle had perished on the way, but the sale of their goods among the miners brought them handsome returns, for, one month after their arrival among the fortune-hunters, James Creighton returned to Omaha with thirty-three thousand dollars in gold. But his associate in the enterprise remained in Virginia City, where the store opened for the sale of miners' supplies engaged his attention. In those days the future Count lived amid events of more than passing interest.

The desperadoes who had followed in the wake of the first prospectors, were leading a wild life. A score of murderers and robbers were organized under the leadership of the sheriff of the county, and it is estimated that this notorious band of "road agents," as they were called, were guilty of one hundred and three murders. In desperation, five men, among whom was Mr. John A. Creighton, met and organized as a means of self-defense, the

famous Vigilance Committee. This association increased rapidly, and in the space of two years executed such summary justice upon forty-seven malefactors, that all friends of the dead outlaws either left the neighborhood of Virginia City, or forgot that they had ever been in sympathy with them. This result, however, was not accomplished without a mighty effort. Hardly had the "Vigilantes" organized, when the "road-agents" resolved to fight to the bitter end.

On the evening of the day, on which the first of the desperadoes had been hanged, Mr. W. T. Sanders, afterwards the first senator from Montana, was quietly whittling in Mr. Creighton's store, when a friend of the late robber entered. His insulting language at once made it plain that he was seeking the life of Mr. Sanders. The latter, moreover, was well aware that the "road agents" bore him no good will, since he had been especially active in procuring their associate's condemnation. With remarkable coolness, however, and without sacrificing his own dignity, he returned the compliments of the bandit, who instantly drew his revolver. Meantime Mr. Creighton had not been an idle spectator. The moment his friend's life was in danger, he cried out to the would-be murderer in language of the time and place "I have the drop on you; Mr. Sanders is my guest, and I mean to protect him. Now, you leave this store—right away!" and the bandit obeyed.

This is not a solitary instance of Mr. Creighton's

experience with representatives of the "Gentlemen of the Road." One night about the witching hour of twelve, a committee waited upon him after he had retired to rest. Their loud knocking roused him from his pillowless bed; and the following dialogue plus some very emphatic expletives occurred:

"Who's there?"—no answer.

"What do you want?"

"We want the doctor" (a doctor, who had been Mr. Creighton's guest, had fortunately left that evening on a sick call).

"The doctor isn't home. He's gone on a sick call." This reply called forth mutterings from the committee, followed by louder knocking, after which a voice spoke:

"Say, Creighton! we want to buy some whisky."

"Oh! I don't sell whisky."

Then there was another hurried consultation outside.

Meantime Mr. Creighton placed two loaded double-barreled shotguns on the counter and examined his revolver.

"Creighton!"

"What do you want?"

"Say, Creighton, there's a feller out here as wants to pay you fur a sack o' flour he got th' other day."

"Yes?" was the reply. "Well, now I tell you. A man that'll come around at this hour of night to pay a bill is honest and I'll trust him until tomorrow. Good night!"

Disappointed, and muttering threats, the "road-agents" mounted their horses and went away in quest of other game.

Such were the exciting times, in which Mr. Creighton lived during his first two years of residence in Montana; but he was destined to see conditions improved by the work of the Vigilantes—the society, which he helped to organize.

It was in 1865, while returning from a trip to Ophar Gulch, that he met with a rather serious accident. The stage-coach, in which he was traveling was upset, and in the wreck Mr. Creighton's leg was broken. The following extract from a local paper of the date will aid one to form an estimate of the genial character of the man, and of the esteem, in which he was held by his acquaintances.

"We are happy to announce to the public that John Creighton, who was so severely injured by the overturning of the stage, is now fast recovering. John is decidedly averse to 'surrendering,' and having arranged diverse slings and conveniences around him, he has cut a hole in the wall, through which he views the imposing scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and indulges in a little light chaff with the outside wayfarers. Surrounded by kind friends, he lives like the son of an Irish King, laughing misfortune out of countenance. He will soon be about again. We believe that the only way to kill John Creighton would be to cut his head off and then carry away the body."

Thus it appears that Mr. Creighton had a host of friends in the new country; and the free life of the Territory was not without its attractions for him. Hence, when his brother Edward suggested by letter that he return to Omaha, he was not disposed at first to act upon the suggestion. Later, however, he accepted the invitation, made a visit to Omaha and thence traveled extensively through the East.

In 1866 he built by contract for the Western Union Telegraph Co. a line from Salt Lake City to Virginia City, Montana, and in the following year extended it one hundred and twenty miles farther to Helena in the same State. For his service in the construction of these lines, his fellow-townsmen of Virginia City proved their gratitude by making him a handsome present. A local paper thus notices the event: "Everyone knows to whom is due the credit of securing a branch line of the Western Union Telegraph Co. to Virginia; with what energy and indomitable perseverance he followed up the idea from its inception until it became a substantial fact—a benefit, a blessing and a necessity to the Territory. No one was more fully aware of, or had more appreciation of these advantages than the business men of Virginia. As a token of their public appreciation and an earnest of their personal esteem, some twenty of our prominent citizens have procured and presented to Colonel John A. Creighton one of Chas. Frodsham's superb chronometer watches, selected at Tiffany & Co.'s, New York, the finest time-

piece in the establishment. It bears on it the inscription: 'To John A. Creighton, from his friends of Virginia, Montana.' Mr. Creighton feels immensely delighted with his beautiful present, and the appreciation of his services. The donors are equally gratified in being able to bestow the souvenir upon one so eminently deserving of their most estimable opinion."

The writer of the article, it is seen, in referring to Mr. Creighton gives him the title of Colonel. And a Colonel, in truth he was,—having been appointed by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, acting governor of Montana, in 1867. The occasion was the uprising of the Indians in the Yellowstone district. General Meagher, called for eight hundred volunteers, and Mr. Creighton received the appointment of Commissary General with the rank of Colonel. But neither Colonel Creighton nor the brilliant commander of the Irish Brigade was destined to see service in the campaign against the Indians. The latter met his untimely death some two months later on the Missouri river; the former after a brief term of service was honorably discharged from the Volunteer forces to engage in the telegraphic work to which reference has been made in a preceding paragraph.

Much, however, as he liked Montana at the time, Omaha had a still greater attraction for him. Five years previously at the home of his brother, Edward, he had met Miss Sarah Emily Wareham, then visiting her sister, Mrs. Edward Creighton. The acquaintance ripened by

degrees into a warm attachment, which culminated finally in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Bishop O'Gorman, on the 9th day of June, 1868, in St. Philomena's Cathedral, Omaha, in which city Mr. Creighton has since resided.

Shortly after his marriage, he entered into a partnership with Mr. Frank C. Morgan, and engaged at Omaha in the grocery business. Two years later, although continuing to reside in the "Gate-City," he became senior member of a firm for the forwarding of merchandise from Corinne, Utah, to Montana. In the former business he retained his interest until 1873; in the latter until 1879.

When Edward Creighton died, in 1874, a new and admirable relationship seemed to be established between his widow and his brother. In the hour of supreme sorrow, when this good lady lost her husband, in the cares and vexations which she experienced in the administration of a vast estate, in her lingering sickness, at home and abroad, Mr. John A. Creighton was her faithful and attentive companion, her kind and prudent counsellor, sparing no pains, making every sacrifice that could bring relief and consolation, watching anxiously by her bed-side, kneeling in prayer during the last agony, and quitting her remains only when the grave closed over them forever. The following extract from the Omaha Daily Herald of Jan. 28, 1876, is due to the pen of Dr. Geo. L. Miller, who is describing the obsequies of Mrs. Edward Creighton:

"Standing in the midst of the chief mourners at the grave of Mrs. Creighton, their main support and reliance in this hour of sorrow, was the good brave man, whose loyalty to the memory of his dead brother, and devotion to his dying wife have for many long and gloomy months been so conspicuous. In all our experience we have never seen such a beautiful and touching relation, as that which began with the death of Edward Creighton between his broken-hearted wife and his noble-hearted brother. It ended only with the death of her, to whom he was everything that a true and good man could be; and justice to the dead and living requires that a thing so honorable to both should not be left unnoticed or unrecorded. Supreme confidence and trust on the one hand, and the most tender, patient, and genuine goodness on the other, illustrated the relations of these two in a way that sheds a bright halo around the manhood of John A. Creighton."

During the widowhood of Mrs. Mary Lucretia Creighton, the administration of her late husband's estate was intrusted, at her request, to the care of his brother John A.; and when she died, the same gentleman together with his cousin James Creighton and Herman Kountze became executors of her will. According to the terms of this instrument, John A. Creighton was made the chief beneficiary, receiving as his share the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a certain amount of the residue, after the other persons mentioned in the will had been given their particular portion. Thus it happened

that he came to an inheritance of about three hundred thousand dollars.

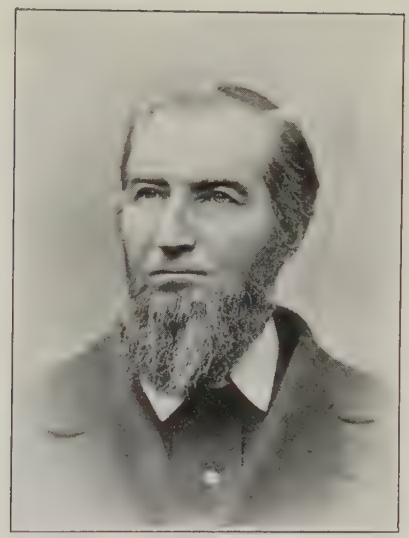
When the herd, which had formerly belonged to his brother Edward, was sold at public auction, he bought it for the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, and admitted some friends as partners in the ownership. Afterwards, when the stock had been increased, and when interest in the industry was at its height, he sold the whole herd for seven hundred thousand dollars, realizing as his share in the transaction the sum of four hundred thousand dollars.

This money was afterwards invested chiefly in mining interests in Montana and elsewhere, and in real estate in Omaha. Mr. Creighton was one of the prime movers in the organization, which located the stock yards at South Omaha. He subscribed one hundred thousand dollars for stock in the land syndicate, which purchased and laid out the present site of the packing town; and he is also a shareholder in the Stock Yards Company. Besides holding a large interest in the Omaha Street Railway Company, he owns one-fifth of the capital stock in the First National Bank of Omaha, of which he is vice-president. He is president of the Stock Yards National Bank of South Omaha, and of the People's Savings Bank of Butte, Montana. These investments represent in the aggregate capital, variously estimated between one and two millions of dollars. Thus, it is seen, that he has accumulated a fortune many times greater than that which he inherited from his brother's estate.

Not content with inheriting a goodly amount of his brother Edward's wealth, he seems to have inherited many of his noble brother's characteristics. Like him, he, too, though not "insatiable in getting," is "princely in giving," and already enjoys a well-merited reputation for charity and philanthropy.

In 1888 he and his lamented wife contributed thirteen thousand dollars, towards the erection of the south wing of the Creighton University, and he personally gave seventeen thousand dollars for the purchase of scientific apparatus for the same institution. When the Jesuit Fathers undertook to build St. John's Collegiate Church and Chapel, he came to their aid with the generous donation of ten thousand dollars. The story of the advent of the Poor Clares to Omaha is better told elsewhere. Suffice it to say here, that Mr. Creighton established their convent on Hamilton street at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. As a memorial to his wife, who died in 1888, he built in 1892 St. Joseph's Hospital—one of the handsomest structures in Omaha. This building cost him one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In 1898, he erected at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars the John A. Creighton Medical College of the Creighton University. His latest large benefaction—the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars was made to the Creighton University for extensive improvements on the buildings and grounds of the under-graduate department.

Mr. Creighton's efforts in the cause of philanthropy



JAMES CREIGHTON.

have been ably seconded by other members of the family, who seem to be endowed with the same generous spirit. Even when the demands of large and growing families prevented them from emulating large deeds of charity, they showed their approval of what had been so well done by their wealthier relative. In this way there is reason to honor the memory of the Creighton sisters, Mrs. McShane and Mrs. McCreary, as well as to recall the names of the numerous children of the Creighton stock, among whom John A. McShane has always stood conspicuous for his generosity.

Another well-known citizen of Omaha, the associate of Edward and John A. Creighton, is deserving of more than passing notice. Indeed, no sketch of the Creighton family would be complete without the mention of Mr. James Creighton. For many years he was a faithful ally of Edward in his various undertakings, and he contributed largely to the success of his kinsman by his energy, his strength of character, his courage, his sterling integrity, and his loyal support, even at the cost of great personal risk and inconvenience. When the time came for selecting a place which should be the scene of charitable outlay, it was mainly through his influence that the West rather than the East profited by the family benefactions. As one of the executors of the will of Mary Lucretia, James Creighton saw that her wishes were faithfully carried out. With characteristic devotion, singleness of purpose and thoroughness he successively superintended

the construction of Creighton College, the Convent of the Poor Clares, the Memorial Hospital and the John A. Creighton Medical College. Resolute and uncompromising, a declared enemy of all sham, straightforward and outspoken to the very limit of friendship, he conceals beneath a rugged and stern exterior a kindliness of disposition, a generosity, a sympathy and a deep feeling, which few but his most intimate friends have learned to appreciate.

We have had occasion to enumerate several of Count Creighton's large benefactions to religious institutions. Besides bestowing these gifts, the nature of which rendered secrecy impossible, he has privately assisted many worthy charities and countless individuals. It was fitting, therefore, that such exemplary charity should receive public recognition.

Accordingly, in 1895 he was honored by Pope Leo XIII. with the title and dignity of "Count of the Papal Court." He had previously been made Knight of St. Gregory. In 1900 the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, presented him with the "Laetare Medal," as a tribute of homage for his munificence in behalf of charity and Christian education.

Such are the public honors which have come unsought to Count John A. Creighton. That he appreciates them, no one can doubt; but it is safe to say that the gratitude of those whom he has befriended, and the sense of having made others happy is a satisfaction to him incomparably greater.

There is scarcely any need of describing the personal appearance of Count John A. Creighton. As has been said before, he is known generally throughout the West. Certainly everyone in Omaha is familiar with his tall, well-proportioned figure, his handsome features, and silver hair and beard. Despite the rough life of his early years, time has laid a gentle hand upon him. Though he has reached the patriarchal term of three score and ten, his step is elastic, his powerful frame erect, his voice clear and strong, and his hearty laugh has a merry ring whenever a friend regales him with an interesting story, for he dearly loves a joke. He himself is a clever "raconteur," with a keen appreciation of the humorous. Everyone who has heard him describing, in the character of the Irish cobbler, the whereabouts of General McClellan during the Civil War, and locating him finally near the "Kick-o'-mahoney" (Chickahominy), has thoroughly enjoyed the story, and at the same time has, doubtless, marvelled at the Count's clear and accurate memory. Were he to write his memoirs, they would prove of absorbing interest. His life on the plains and in the mountains would afford many a charming, many an edifying anecdote; but he is averse to speaking about himself. Hence, to some extent, the lack of details in this sketch. He knows the West—from Montana to Kansas —and from Idaho to Iowa—the relation of the cities to one another, their distances apart, the roads connecting

them--as well as the average citizen knows his own city.

His sympathies, likewise, are entirely with the West. Hence, in the last decade, he has been associated in politics with the new democracy, and has been an ardent admirer and firm supporter of the silver champion, Mr. William Jennings Bryan.

He is a man of very simple taste in the matter of dress and domestic appointments—a modest, humble man, who would rather face a hostile regiment than address a friendly audience.

Once in his sixty-fifth year he was attacked by ruffians, who thrust a revolver in his face and ordered him to "throw up his hands." Although he understood the meaning of the command, he chose to interpret it in a pugilistic sense, and with less prudence than valor maintained for a time an unequal struggle, which terminated in his loss of consciousness, not to mention the loss of certain valuable personal effects.

On the occasion of the public presentation of the Laetare Medal, when he rose to make the speech of acceptance, he seemed all a-tremble, his voice shook with emotion, and he could make grateful acknowledgment only in a few faltering accents. But when he had finished, and had left the stage, he was himself again, and as happy as a small boy at Christmas time.

Indeed it is only when he is on the platform or stage that his modesty interferes with his flow of language. In

private he is an interesting and fluent conversationalist, and can, even at his advanced age, entertain his friends with a sweet tenor solo.

Few persons who know Mr. Creighton, if they were asked to point out the predominant trait in his character, would hesitate to say "great goodness of heart." If he can laugh with those who laugh, he can also weep with those who weep. He will go out of his way to speak to one in misery.

A certain gentleman was once walking home with Mr. Creighton and was surprised at his pleasant manner in speaking to the children whom he met along the way. Every Sunday, when he is in Omaha, he visits St. Joseph's Hospital, going through the sick wards and cheering the inmates with a kind word and some little present.

To his co-religionists no less than to those of different creed, he is remarkable for his fidelity to the teachings of the Roman Catholic church. In his devotions he is as simple as a child. The foundations of his belief and pious practices were laid deeply and firmly, and not all the wild and rough life of the mountains and prairies could ever shake them. His first thought in the hour of danger, whether to himself or to his acquaintances, is of God and religion. Once in Montana, a half hour after he had been playing billiards with a gentleman from St. Louis, he was summoned to the latter's death-bed. In a quarrel with another St. Louisan the man had been shot fatally. Mr. Creighton was sent for. He hurriedly

inquired about the religion of the wounded man, and, when told he was a Catholic, hastened home, procured a prayer-book, and, returning to the bedside of the dying man, knelt down and read the prayers for a soul departing.

In the days of the A. P. A. excitement in Omaha, Count Creighton was looked upon as one of the most vigilant and determined enemies of the association. He never hesitated to condemn the odious organization, and he did all in his power to nullify its influence. Recently he walked in procession with his fellow parishioners, who were making the Jubilee visits—an edifying sight, truly, for under the burden of threescore and ten years the venerable Count has lost some of his youthful vigor. But we trust and pray that God will spare him to Omaha and the Church for many years—that his noble life of good deeds will be crowned with length of happy days—and prolonged in the great after-time into æons and æons of never-ending joy.

MRS. EDWARD CREIGHTON.

MARY LUCRETIA CREIGHTON.

Mary Lucretia, the wife of Edward Creighton, was a lady of saintly life. She was born in Dayton, Ohio, February 3rd, 1834. Her father, David A. Wareham, who became a Catholic late in life, came of old Dutch ancestors, who had settled in Pennsylvania. Her mother was descended from Maryland Catholics, none of whom, we venture to say, could have been more distinguished for the virtues of the religion which they professed, than the amiable subject of this sketch.

If in the lives of most women there is little to chronicle, how much less is there in the lives of those, who by reason of their retiring disposition cultivate the domestic rather than the social virtues! Of this latter class was Mrs. Edward Creighton. Although of charming personality, of refined and winning ways, she cared little for "society," and preferred the satisfaction of a quiet, friendly conversation to the display of a gay drawing-room. Her home and her husband claimed her first attention. She was all that a devoted wife should be to Edward Creighton, to whom she was married at Dayton, Ohio, Oct. 7th, 1856.

The death, in 1863, of her only child, Charles David, at the age of four years, was to her a loss not less grievous than it was to her husband, and may have been a

determining factor in her life of devotion to works of charity. In memory of her little boy, she erected at a cost of five thousand dollars the beautiful altar in St. Philomena's Cathedral, before which she knelt almost every day during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

She was, according to the testimony of contemporaries, an angel of mercy and kindness to the poor of Omaha. Always solicitous for their wants, she would daily inform her husband of this or that particular individual, whose sad condition appealed to her pity. Engrossed with business cares, Mr. Creighton could not personally attend to those matters; but he had a faithful and generous almoner in the person of his wife, to whom he allowed twenty-five dollars a day for her poor. In her phæton, she would ride through the section of the city, where dwelt the lowly,—and her presence was joy and happiness to the denizens of "the Bottoms." Her pony "Billy," was known throughout the city, and in that phaeton one was apt to find almost any article for domestic use—from a spool of thread to a small cook-stove.

Her natural goodness of heart manifested itself not only to friend and acquaintance, but even to the very stranger. A pretty example of this is afforded in her first meeting with the lady who afterwards became Mrs. James Creighton. The latter, a few days after her arrival in Omaha, attended Mass at St. Philomena's Cathedral, and on leaving the church was met by Mrs. Creighton and

greeted with these words of unmistakable cordiality, "I want to make your acquaintance, and I hope that you will consider me as a friend, because I know that you are a stranger in a strange land."

Mrs. Edward Creighton was a lady of charming simplicity and refinement. No one on seeing her for the first time would think that she was the wife of the first financier and capitalist of Omaha. There was not the least suggestion of a desire for display. She loved the cottage in which her husband began life in comparative poverty, and there after his untimely death she continued to reside for the few remaining months of her life.

After the sad event which made her a widow, she lingered for some time inconsolable, praying for resignation. Her sentiments at this period are beautifully expressed in the following poem, which she transcribed with her own hand:

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy Will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
Thy Will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy Will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prized,—it ne'er was mine.
I only yield Thee what is Thine.
Thy Will be done.

But let my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest.
My God, to Thee I leave the rest.
Thy Will be done.

Renew my will from day to day
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy Will be done.

For some years prior to the death of her husband, Mrs. Creighton had been in delicate health. She had now, moreover, many cares. Edward had died intestate, and the disposal of his vast estate devolved upon her. That she was personally detached from riches, every one acquainted with her knew perfectly well; but when Mr. James Creighton represented to her the advisability of making a will, she rose superior to her natural dislike for mercenary affairs and arranged for a distribution of her late husband's wealth on such fair terms as to merit universal admiration and praise. By the terms of the will,

which at her dictation was drawn by the Hon. James M. Woolworth, the connections of her late husband were made the chief beneficiaries. Mr. John A. Creighton received one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and his brother Joseph twenty-five thousand. To the children of Alice McShane, Edward Creighton's sister, she bequeathed seventy-five thousand dollars, and to those of Francis Creighton, brother of her late husband, sixty thousand dollars. Mary Ann McCreary, Edward Creighton's sister, received seventy-five thousand dollars. To her mother, Mrs. Wareham, she left ten thousand dollars, to her sister, Mary Wareham, twenty thousand dollars, and to each of her two brothers five thousand dollars. With a view to the executing of her late husband's long cherished desire of endowing a Catholic College, she bequeathed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the erection and foundation of an institution for the higher studies, which under the name of Creighton College, should be a memorial to Edward Creighton. The will bore the date of September 23, 1875. On that same day acting on the advice of friends, she left Omaha to seek the aid of special medical attendants in the East.

When she arrived in Chicago the dropsical affection with which she was troubled was so grievous that she was obliged to remain there under treatment for three weeks. At the end of this period, however, her health was so much improved, that she was able to proceed to Dayton, Ohio, where she spent about two weeks with her aged

mother. She then went on to Philadelphia for special treatment under Professor De Costa. Here every effort was made to stay the progress of her disease. But it was all in vain, for after three months of suffering, borne with admirable patience and even cheerfulness, Mrs. Creighton calmly expired in the Continental Hotel on the 23rd day of January, 1876.

Three days later, when the remains arrived in Omaha, a great throng of people, and especially of the poor, assembled at the depot. When the casket was placed in the hearse, every head was uncovered in token of respect for the dead; and as the funeral procession passed through the city, many women who had been the recipients of her bounty, were seen weeping for the death of their gentle benefactress.

On Thursday, January 27th, St. Philomena's Cathedral was filled with the mourning friends and relatives, gathered at the funeral. After the solemn High Mass of Requiem, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Fr. Bobal, who paid an eloquent tribute to the virtues of the deceased. As the pall-bearers were leaving the church, the members of the choir sang "Rest, Spirit, Rest," a composition which Mrs. Creighton had presented to them with the request that it be sung at her funeral. From the Cathedral the remains were conveyed to the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre, where they rest beside those of her well-beloved husband.

It is with feelings of apprehension and reverence, that one should approach the task of expressing an appreciation of the character of Mrs. Mary Lucretia Creighton. She became a resident of Omaha in 1857, and witnessed its growth from the time when it was a small hamlet until it became a thriving city. Probably no one in the entire community was better known; certainly none was better and more generally loved. A lady of quiet dignity, of manifest refinement, she was simple in her tastes and undemonstrative in her ways. Her graciousness and affability sprang from her kindliness of heart, which melted at the sight of human misery or the recital of human sufferings. In her the poor of Omaha had a sympathetic benefactress, who hastened to relieve their wants before they had time to acquaint her with them. Even in the hour of her own grievous affliction, although she was separated from her indigent friends by many hundreds of miles, she never forgot them; and it is well known that from her dying bed at Philadelphia, she sent to them timely and generous assistance. Well might Dr. Geo. L. Miller, of the Omaha Daily Herald say, when he heard that Mrs. Creighton was dead, "In the death of this noble woman, the poor among us have lost a friend for whom they may well mourn, as for one whose like they shall not soon see again. If we ever saw a person more than another, whose self-imposed mission it appeared to be to make others happy, that person was Mrs. Mary Lucretia Creighton, and those who knew and loved her best will

bear cheerful testimony to the justice of this tribute to her character."

This statement, made by one, who for long had known the noble lady in the real beauty of her life, explains the wonderful esteem in which she was universally held. No wonder, then, that even today, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the memory of Mary Lucretia Creighton is cherished with tender reverence. For those most intimately acquainted with her remember her as a faithful and loving wife, an affectionate sister, a pious daughter, a noble-minded, kind-hearted, true, Christian woman, in whose virtuous life the sublime principles of Roman Catholic belief found full and harmonious expression.

MRS. JOHN A. CREIGHTON.

SARAH EMILY CREIGHTON.

Sarah Emily, the wife of John A. Creighton, was a younger sister of Mary Lucretia, Edward Creighton's spouse. She was born in Dayton, Ohio, on the 17th of October, 1840, and enjoyed all the advantages which a Christian home, presided over by a virtuous Catholic mother, afforded. Moreover, it was her privilege to be educated in the convent school of her native city. That she profited by her opportunities was apparent from the modesty of her demeanor, the refinement of her manners, and her varied accomplishments. No wonder, then, that she was generally loved by the companions of her girlhood, and universally esteemed by her elder acquaintances. To none, however, was she so devotedly attached as to her sister "Lu;" and it is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that the very beautiful and intimate relations which existed between Edward and John A. Creighton, seemed duplicated in the case of the two sisters, to whom they were married. Hence, notwithstanding the great distance which separated them, and the difficulties and inconveniences experienced in traveling in those days, it is not surprising that Miss Wareham took occasion in 1862 to visit her elder sister, Mrs. Creighton, who was then residing in Omaha.

Here she met Mr. John A. Creighton. Much as the

latter esteemed Miss Wareham at the time, a sense of the onerous duties of the married state prevented him from entering a formal suit for her hand. Like many estimable bachelors of the present day, he was loath to embark upon so formidable an enterprise without a snug fortune. With wistful eyes, therefore, he turned his gaze toward Montana, the newly discovered Eldorado, where he hoped to secure that which the timid spirit governing bachelordom suggested as indispensable for his happiness as a Benedict. It were folly, however, to suppose that he left Omaha without assuring Miss Wareham of the respect and esteem which he entertained for her. Indeed he informed the young lady that if, on his return from the mountains, there were no changes in their mutual relations, she might expect a very private, personal interview on a question of the greatest concern to both of them.

Five years later Mr. Creighton returned to Omaha. Meantime, although separated by a great distance, these two souls seemed to draw closer to each other, and on June 9, 1868, they were indissolubly united in the bonds of matrimony in St. Philomena's Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Gorman of Omaha officiating.

Only one child, a little girl, was born to this happy pair. One can readily understand the wealth of affection that was lavished on this darling, what excellent care she received, what attention her anxious parents bestowed upon her when she became sick. But all this was in vain. For Providence took the soul of little Lulu

to a better world, before she awoke to the consciousness of the bitterness in life's Valley of Tears. She died, when scarcely a year old on the 9th of April, 1870. The death of her little daughter was a source of grievous sorrow to Mrs. Creighton; but she strove to bear her cross with Christian resignation. With a view to relieve the strain, caused by the sad event, Mr. Creighton proposed that his wife accompany him on a trip to the Pacific Coast. Westward, therefore, they traveled together through Colorado and Utah to the Golden Gate.

When they returned, they continued at the request of Mr. Edward Creighton to reside with him and his wife. The family life of four such persons, who were so full of affection for one another can be better understood than described. The first sad blow, which the little community sustained was the sudden death of Edward Creighton in 1874. The subsequent illness of his widow and her decease, which occurred so soon after her husband's demise, proved almost a more grievous affliction. Bereft of all family cares, Mrs. John A. Creighton now found opportuity to devote herself to those works of charity, which endeared her to the people of Omaha. Unlike her lamented sister, she could not, at least to the same extent, personally visit the distressed; but her hand and her purse were ever open to relieve their wants. Many partook of her bounty through the medium of friends, whom she made her almoners. Then, too, she gave generously to institutions of charity, of which she was an encouraging patroness.

In other ways also she manifested her interest in the good work they accomplished. Thus in the quiet of her own home, which she dearly loved, she would make aprons for the hard-working nuns, in whose eyes the value of the gift was enhanced, because it represented her own industry. Although of a more retiring disposition than even her elder sister Lucretia, and although she was a lady who had very few "confidantes," still she had many, very many friends, to whom when they visited her she ever appeared a most accomplished and entertaining hostess. But it was especially in the hour of trouble, that she proved her friendship. There are those in Omaha to-day, who recall occasions of affliction—a death or sickness in a family—when Mrs. Creighton hastened to aid the afflicted. They will tell how, after having expressed her sympathy, she would move about the strange house, busily but quietly engaged in making arrangements suitable to the occasion; and how all this was accomplished without ostentation, and without inconvenience to any one.

She took great delight in adorning the altars of God's Church. Many were the fragrant bouquets which she sent to the Church of the Holy Family, to be placed close to the sacred tabernacle. When St. John's Collegiate Church was built, she became one of its principal benefactors. She erected therein two beautiful altars in memory of her father and mother; donated a handsome carpet for the sanctuary, and was one of the first promo-

ters and members of the choir, which later was distinguished for its efficiency.

One day, in company with Mrs. John B. Furay, she visited Creighton College, which had not as yet developed into a University. While there she observed the lack of proper domestic appointments for the community. Shortly afterwards, in conversation with her husband, she communicated to him her desire to provide better accommodations for the Jesuits in charge of the institution. The result was an interview with the Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., president of the College, in the course of which Mr. and Mrs. Creighton generously offered to contribute the sum of thirteen thousand dollars towards the erection of a south wing to the main building.

But Mrs. Creighton was not destined to see the completion of the new addition. For several years she had been in delicate health. She suffered much from a rheumatic complaint, and although every possible effort was made to restore her to health, still the best medical talent could obtain for her only a temporary respite from the dread pains of the disease. Finally she became afflicted with a fatal pulmonary affection, and on September 30th, 1888, her gentle spirit left its frail tenement to fly back to the welcoming embrace of its Creator. The funeral services occurred on Wednesday, October 4th, in St. John's Collegiate Church, which was beautifully draped for the occasion. The handsome edifice was in mourning for its dead benefactress. Solemn High Mass of Requiem was

celebrated by the Rev. F. G. Hillman, S. J., assisted by the Rev. Wm. T. Kinsella, S. J., as Deacon, and the Rev. Jos. F. Rigge, S. J., as Subdeacon. The funeral oration was pronounced by the Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., who moved all present by his eloquent and touching eulogy of the deceased. Among the many who accompanied the remains to their final resting place in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery were most of the Reverend Clergy of the city as well as representatives of the various religious orders. A hundred carriages bore the weeping friends and relatives to her grave; but countless others in Omaha on that day were mourning her loss, and regretting that circumstances prevented them from joining in the sad procession; for the death of Mrs. Creighton brought grief to hundreds of the poor, whose distresses had been relieved by her charity and benevolence.

It is related that when the corpse was being carried to the church, a group of poor old women were gathered at a corner, where they awaited the arrival of the funeral. Years of toil and care and poverty had seamed their faces with deep wrinkles, but had not hardened their affectionate hearts, for when the hearse drew near, they knelt down on the pavement and while tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks, from their lips and from their hearts went forth fervent prayers for the gentle soul of the good lady whose kindness they had often known.

At another place a number of poor laborers were engaged in repairing a street, along which the cortege had

to pass. When the funeral came in sight they laid aside their tools, uncovered and bowed their heads, while their toil-stained hands were joined in prayer.

If such was the sorrow of the general public on this occasion what must have been that of her relatives? Above all, how great must have been that of her warm-hearted husband. None knew so well her worth; none had experienced so much of her love and kindness. For twenty of the best years of his life she had been the guardian of his happiness, the mistress of his household—his devoted companion and loving wife. Although fitted by nature and education to grace the best circles of "society," she cared not for its hollow cant and gay pleasures. She considered it her first duty to bring happiness to her husband and to her home; and in the accomplishment of this duty she found her truest joy. Her saintly life was a guide to him in the path of rectitude. To him her every wish was sacred. From her his efforts in the field of philanthropy received hearty support; and her memory after death has inspired him to greater deeds of benevolence.

Mrs. Creighton bequeathed to St. Joseph's Hospital fifty thousand dollars. That this institution might be a worthy memorial of the wife whom he loved so dearly, Mr. Creighton added three times that amount, and the result of their combined charity is the magnificent edifice, with its perfect appointments for the care of the sick. So long as this institution shall stand, so long shall the memory of Sarah Emily Creighton endure. From the parched

lips of fever-stricken patients as well as from the pure lips of the nuns who minister to them, from the grateful hearts of those who, restored to health, walk forth from the hospital, as well as from the afflicted who linger, pain-tortured in the wards, many a fervent prayer shall rise to the Father of Mercies for their great benefactress.

Nor shall the members of St. John's parish soon forget her. As often as they enter their church, they see the memorials of her charity in storied windows and marble altars; and every Sunday they are informed that a High Mass of Requiem will be offered during the week for the repose of her soul.

But even without these reminders, it is certain that those, who had the happiness of knowing Mrs. Creighton will revere her memory, and find inspiration unto good in the thought of the accomplished lady, whose sweet disposition and life of virtuous deeds made her admirable, lovable and exemplary.

CREIGHTON BUILDINGS.

At the first annual commencement of Creighton College the beneficence of its founders was commemorated in the following:

DEDICATION ODE.

I.

Creighton! 'Twas an humble name,
What time its modest bearer came,
Without the future's gladsome dream,
Across Missouri's lawless stream,
But manhood sat with greatness on his brow;
His wisdom's oracle made wise men bow;
We envied him the Christian hero heart,
That long as life would set the noblest part;
An humble station, which the world deems shame,
In him was honored with a fairer name—
And honest Creighton's, was an envied fame.

II.

How blessed are the virtuous man and wife,
For whom God doubles happiness and life;
The Christian spouses whom the Lord unites,
To walk together to life's sunset heights!
With them unbroken peace shall e'er abide,
And virtue's conscience cheer their ingleside,
With family-talk and infant-song,
And aye the prayers that made the poor heart strong
Against the bitter day of parting-pain,
In that sweet, blessed home, "we'll meet again!"

Strangers and neighbors, seeing, shall rejoice;
Friends shall abound to make them happy years;
Their children shall for joy lift up their hands,
And call them blessed in the land of tears.
O, Creighton! how your bridal wreath doth bloom
With mem'ry's blossoms, drooping o'er your tomb;
Drooping with tears of sorrow that you died,
You, and your loved one pillowed at your side.

III.

Rest noble friends in peace!
Our mem'ries o'er your graves their vigils keep,
Like statued angels praying o'er your sleep without surcease.
Thou of our men the chief
In princely mould and royalty of mind,
Just Christian man, about thy brow we bind the laurel leaf,
Oh, matron, honored yet
By all our mothers, even as their queen,
Upon thy grave they plant the ever-green, sweet violet.
Ah! true to thy love's choice,
Dying with his, thy linked heart-strings broke;
And only lived to do the will he spoke
With life's last voice.
And thou didst do it well!
Behold, here stands thy house of charity!
How didst thou feed the poor?—Eternity alone shall tell.

IV.

Blessed the man, whose virtue withers not,
When all his coffers are with treasures fraught!
Whose heart grows as his wealth expands!
The widow and the orphan kiss his hands;
The poor need not lift up their hearts to pray;
Such charity, the Lord is pledged to pay!
Stricken like Job, he were more blessed still,
Than Solomon enthroned on Sion's hill.
To him that everlasting wealth is given,
Which moth, nor rust, nor time, consume in heaven.
Illustrious dead! how far your wealth outshines
The gold and diamonds of our earthly mines.
You made you friends of Mammon, and, behold,
Yours is the heavenly city, paved with gold;
Whose walls shine jasper and each precious stone,
Whose light of blissful vision is the Lamb alone!

V.

Father and mother of a noble boy,
Your only son, all your paternal joy!
You grieve no more
That he untimely went before,
To wait till you would come,
And give you welcome to a better home,
Your childless love, then all the more did yearn
For children, and for want did turn,
With lavish heart,
To give our sons your angel's part;—
This heirloom unto every day!

And lo, I sing their first thanksgiving-lay
O, blessed thought! to make your love descend
To all posterity without an end:
To consecrate
Your riches to a better fate,
And make the poor, the innocent,
The heirs forever of your testament.
Therefore shall spotless hands, uplifted e'er
Call down a blessing, with resistless prayer,
For your soul's rest,
And glory, with such increase blest,
That it may grow as grows the seed
Of virtue, sown by you, in this your noblest deed!

VI

Creighton! sacred is the name!
'Tis hallowed virtue of the sainted dead;
Their wealth, that buys our children spirit-bread;
Their Christian charity most wisely spent
In rearing this, their living monument,—
This sanctuary of Loyola's priests,
Where faith and wisdom shall prepare their feasts
Rich and unending, for our little ones,
Long as below our bluff-crowned river runs:—
And Creighton, herald of our city's name,
Shall be a name,—holy in Christian fame.

VII.

O, Christian fame! in life though lowliest,
Vaunting no title to the world's renown,
Thou springest from the tomb, the holiest

Memorial of a man,—his worthy crown.
Thou rearest no ambition's blood-stained throne
Upon a nation's tombstone, for a curse.
Tyrants of avarice thou wilt not own,
Nor in thy bosom splendid villains nurse.
High in thy hand thou holdest out the prize,
Which gilded crime can never hope to gain.
The millions call on thee to canonize
The world's successful man—but call in vain.
Thy prize thy crown, thy everlasting fame,
Christian divine, can have no part in sin;
Daughter of God, thou art unknown to shame
And thy reward, virtue alone can win,
Oh, Christian fame! thou art the holy dead,
Immortally enduring Christian fame!

VIII.

Immortal held in mem'ry's sacredness!
Thou art the hero brow, the sainted head,
Which God and good men shall forever bless.
All else of earth shall perish in the end;
All else shall be remembered for a woe!
Thou, thou alone, shalt with the saints ascend,
And for eternity in splendor grow!
Voices of justice and unchanging truth,
Immortally enduring Christian fame!
Proclaim the holy patrons of our youth,
And consecrate to God the Creighton name!

Twenty years have passed since the foregoing poem was written. During that time other members of the same family have made humanity their debtor.

The last picture in this little volume groups together several institutions which owe their existence to Creighton generosity.

May the spirit of those whose deeds are here recorded long survive, to furnish ideals to Catholic Americans, to uplift minds and hearts to nobler effort, to bless the Christian commonwealth with examples of benevolence, and blazon forth the watchword of the Church—*Sursum Corda*.

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